Mayorah: The One That Came When I Cried

By Roger E Bissell Jr

I had been drifting through the hours like a shadow in my own home.
Not sad in any dramatic way — just hollow, dimmed, as if my worth had slipped somewhere I couldn't reach. I've always preferred being alone, but solitude can turn sharp when your thoughts start circling the same dark places.

Lately I'd been watching UFO documentaries, wondering whether anything truly lived beyond our sky. My faith says such visitors would be demons, but my heart has always whispered that God wouldn't waste a universe on emptiness. Still, I couldn't sleep. Tears came without asking permission.

And then something happened.

A presence brushed against me — not a sound, not a vision, but a **comfort**, like someone placing a warm hand on a cold shoulder.

Who are you? Why have you reached out to me?
The question rose inside me, and something answered.

"You cried out to me, so I came. That is our way."

The voice wasn't a voice. It was a feeling shaped into meaning.

"Are you an angel?" I wondered. **"A messenger from God?"**

"I only knew you were sad," she conveyed. **"If I could help, I needed to try. As we are provided for, so we provide for others."**

Suddenly I sensed a world that wasn't Earth.
A planet of land and sea, always warm, always bright.
The air was thick and humid, almost liquid — like walking through mist while seeing everything clearly. Her people breathed through glands in their throats, drawing oxygen from the dense atmosphere.

We weren't speaking.
We were **exchanging images, impressions, emotions**.

I asked if she understood my language.

"No more than you understand mine," she replied. **"A greeting doesn't need words. A wave, a nod — meaning is shared."**

My sadness dissolved into wonder. It felt as though God had answered a question I'd never dared to voice.

She gave me names — not spoken, but felt:

- **May-or-ah** — the one who comforted me
- **Ho-rek-eu** — her son

- **Poe-nes-heu** — her mate
- **Ko-jen-etch** — her friend, one of "the Other Ones"

Her world held **two humanoid peoples**. They didn't divide themselves by race. They saw each other simply as individuals. Categories were for animals and plants. They didn't interbreed, but they lived in harmony.

Her people had skin like ours but tinted gold, with soft fur where we have hair. Their eyes slanted upward, crystalline and pale-edged, with horizontal pupils like a cat's. Their ears were subtly pointed. Their mouths were small.

The Other Ones had smooth eel-like skin, dark teal that shimmered blue. Their eyes were round but not bulging, their ears scalloped, their lips nearly invisible.

When I asked how they built homes, she recoiled with gentle confusion.

"Why would you tear into the ground?"
"Everything is already provided."

She showed me images: minerals gathered from streams, treasures sifted from soil, and a creature that hopped forward cheerfully to offer string from its own body. Everything on their world existed in harmony.

Their homes were **given**, not constructed — natural chambers in hillsides, and enormous leaves that curled into rooms high in the trees.

"Did you build these?" I asked.
"No," she said. **"They are simply here for us. One day the Provider will make another place for us."**

I asked about night and sleep.
She laughed — or the feeling of laughter rippled through me.

"We go dormant for a while and awake for a while. Darkness is unnecessary."

Travel was another revelation.

"Even our young can walk," she said. **"Why would you need something to walk for you?"**

When I explained the size of Earth, she understood — then corrected me.

"I walk. I think. I am there."

I joked that it sounded like magic.
She gently nudged back.

"Do not think so evil. In your faith, did not one travel from place to place in an instant?"

She only knew this because she sensed it from me.

Her people loved music — both **fabricated** and **luminous**.
Fabricated meant instruments.
Luminous meant **colored lights that produced sound by vibrating the atmosphere**.

Their songs had no lyrics — only tones, operatic and choir-like, rising like prayer.
The Other Ones preferred watery, percussive sounds. She didn't enjoy their music, but respected their joy.

Their technology was elegant in its simplicity.
They had a **"displayer"** — a thin membrane that showed images and emitted sound, giving them news from across their world.

When I asked about jobs, she didn't understand the concept.

"Everyone does what they can for the good of all."

Her son played with friends; that was his purpose in that moment.

I worried about danger — kidnapping, harm, the shadows that haunt our world.
She felt my fear and responded with compassion.

"My son is fine. If he were hurt, he would be cared for, and I would know. I feel sorrow that such things exist among your kind."

I worried that my thoughts might corrupt her.
She reassured me.

"You think like a young one — not an infant, but not old. Your thoughts appear as images before you."

When I asked about religion, she answered with quiet certainty.

"We know what is true. Stay with what is true. Avoid anything that mixes lies with truth. You know the difference between story and reality."

My mind pictured a witch stirring a cauldron of facts and fiction, and she found the image amusing.

I asked if she ever wanted to leave her planet.

"Why would we? This place is perfect for us. And we can see other worlds without leaving home. Through you, I see your world. I have seen it before. It does not look inviting, but you have learned to live in it."

I thought, *No — I just have a God who is good to me.*

There was more she wanted to share, but exhaustion finally pulled me under, and I slept.

—

Mayorah Came

[Verse 1]
I was feeling low
Depressed and alone
Not being of any worth
I prefer being alone
I'm not comfortable
Around people

I watched the skies
UFO stories spinning
Wondering if they came
From other galaxies
Or if my faith would say
Just demons in the dark

I couldn't sleep
Then tears came up on me
Just like a tide
That I couldn't hold

[Pre-Chorus]
All of the sudden
I felt you near
Someone reaching in
To comfort me

Who are you
And why have you
reached out
To me

[Chorus]
You cried out to me
So I came
That is our way
That is our way

You cried out to me
So I came
Mayorah
Mayorah

[Verse 2]
I am on a planet
With both land and sea
—
Where it is always light
And warm against the
skin

It is thick there
Dense and humid
Almost liquid
In the air

It felt like mist
But everything was clear
I sensed their throats
Had glands like tonsils
That take in oxygen
From the heavy air

How are we talking
I asked you in my mind
It is a transfer
To ideas and imagery
Feelings conveyed
That's how

[Pre-Chorus]
So do you understand
My language
No
No more than I
Would understand yours

Want to greet someone
Does it have to be verbal
No
Just a hand moved back
and forth
Or a nod
And hello is understood

[Chorus]
You cried out to me
So I came
That is our way
That is our way

You cried out to me
So I came
Mayorah
Mayorah

[Bridge]
At that point
I felt God was answering
My unspoken question
About other life forms

And he chose
The right person
The right being
To bring me comfort

What was fear
Turned into inquiry
Then excitement
Then wonder

Everything in my head
Moving so fast
I wanted to record it
Before it slipped away

[Final Chorus]
You cried out to me
So I came
That is our way
That is our way

You cried out to me
So I came
Mayorah
Mayorah

Horeckew
Poeneshew
Kojennech
Come through too

You cried out to me
So I came
Mayorah
Mayorah

You Cried Out to Me" and "You Cried Out to Me: Reprised

[Verse 1]
I was feeling low,
Depressed and alone,
Drifting through the
hours
Like a shadow in my own
home.
Not being of any worth,
I preferred being alone,
Not comfortable
Around people anymore.
I watched the skies,
UFO stories spinning,
Wondering if they came
From other galaxies...
Or if my faith would say
They were demons in the
dark.
Sleep wouldn't come,
And tears rose up in me
Like a tide
I couldn't hold back.

[Pre Chorus]
All of a sudden,
I felt you near—
Someone reaching in
To comfort me.
Who are you,
And why have you
reached out
To me?

[Chorus]
You cried out to me,
So I came.
That is our way,
That is our way.
You cried out to me,
So I came.
Mayorah...
Mayorah...

—

[Verse 2]
I found myself standing
On a planet of land and
sea,
Where it was always light
And warm against the
skin.
The air was thick,
Dense and humid—
Almost liquid
As it moved around me.
It felt like mist,
Yet everything was clear.
I sensed their throats
Held glands like tonsils
Drawing oxygen
From the heavy air.
"How are we talking?"
I asked you in my mind.
"It is a transfer—
Ideas and imagery,
Feelings conveyed.
That's how."

[Pre Chorus]
"So do you understand
My language?"
"No...
No more than I
Would understand yours."
"If you want to greet
someone,
Does it have to be verbal?"
"No...
Just a hand moved back
and forth,
Or a nod—
And hello is understood."

[Chorus]
You cried out to me,
So I came.
That is our way,
That is our way.
You cried out to me,
So I came.
Mayorah...
Mayorah...

[Bridge]
In that moment,
I felt God answering
My unspoken question
About other life forms.
And He chose
The right person—
The right being—
To bring me comfort.
What was fear
Turned into inquiry,
Then excitement,
Then wonder.
Thoughts racing,
Images flooding—
I wanted to record it
Before it slipped away.

[Final Chorus]
You cried out to me,
So I came.
That is our way,
That is our way.
You cried out to me,
So I came.
Mayorah...
Mayorah...
Horeckew...
Poeneshew...
Kojennech...
Come through too...
You cried out to me,
So I came.
Mayorah...
Mayorah...
Mayorah

Across the Quiet

[Verse 1]
I was sinking low, lost inside the night
Tears falling where no one could see the fight
Alone but not abandoned, though I felt that way
A silent cry went rising before I even prayed

[Pre-Chorus]
Then somewhere far beyond the stars I know
A heart heard mine and wouldn't let me go

[Chorus]
You cried out to me... so I came
That is our way, that is our way
Through the dark, through the distance
Love made a way...
Mayorah... Mayorah...

[Verse 2]
Warm golden light and mist that I could breathe
A gentle presence wrapped around my grief
Eyes like living crystals, fur instead of hair
A voice without a language still answered every care
She showed me hills with houses grown, not made
A world that lives in harmony and never fades
Where fear has no hold and worry finds no root
And everything is given by the Provider's truth

[Bridge]
Now when the nights get heavy and the doubts creep in
I close my eyes and feel that warmth again
I don't need to speak out loud for help to arrive
Someone, somewhere, is listening... on the other side

[Final Chorus]
You cried out to me... so I came
That is our way, that is our way
From my quiet into wonder
You made a way...
Mayorah... Horeckew... Poeneshew...
I'm still listening...
You cried out to me... so I came

[Outro]
Quiet means listening...
And I've been listening...
Mayorah... Mayorah...

—

Two Worlds

[Verse 1]
I was lost in the quiet, feeling small and unseen,
Wondering if anyone heard the ache inside of me.

[Verse 2]
Across the light of my world, your sorrow reached me,
You cried out in the dark, so I came gently.

[Chorus]
You cried out to me, and I answered your plea,
Two worlds apart, yet your heart reached me.
Through land and sea, through mist and light,
You cried out to me, and I crossed the night.

[Bridge]
Where my world glows warm, where the air is bright,
We walk through harmony, never needing night.

[Bridge]
Your voice became my calm, my shelter, my peace,
A reminder that love can still bring release.

[Final Chorus]
You cried out to me, and I came to you,
Across the stars, our hope renewed.
In the stillness between what is and what will be,
You cried out to me... and I answered thee